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THE
JUVENILE
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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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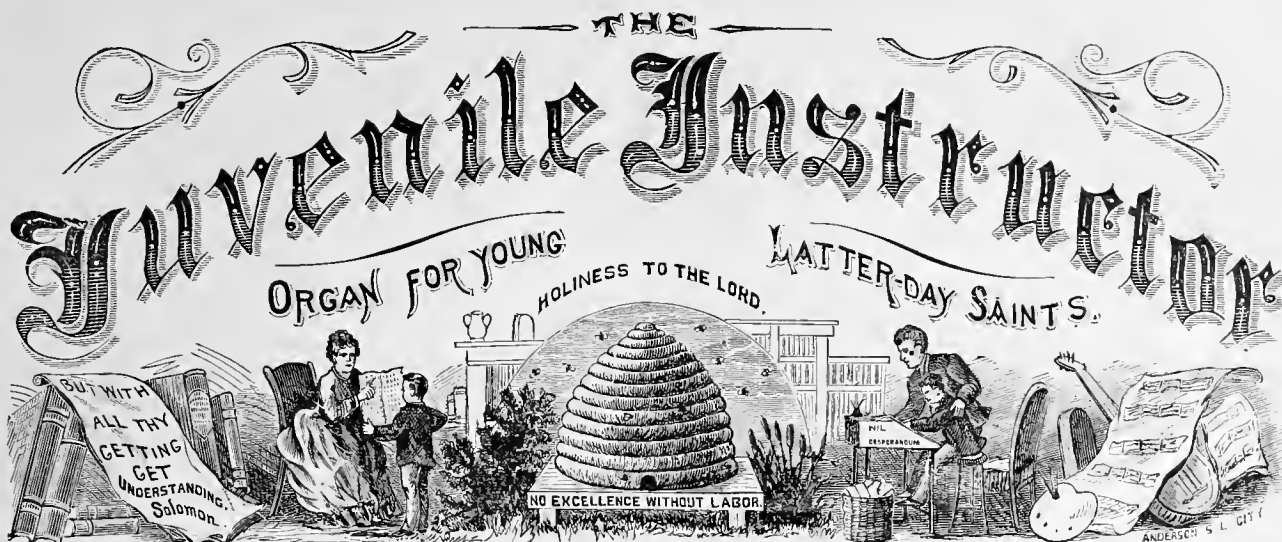
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VOL. XXII.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

NO. 17.

THE KEW GARDENS.

OUR little engraving to-day presents a view of the interior of the Palm-house, a large glass conservatory in the splendid "Royal Botanic Gardens" at Kew, near London. It is the largest glass building in the world except the Crystal Palace. It measures three hundred and sixty feet long by ninety wide, and sixty feet high. The reader will see by these dimensions that it is a much larger building than our Tabernacle.

The most interesting object in this conservatory is the immense palm tree in the center, of which only a portion of the trunk is visible in the cut. In order to view its large branches and beautiful foliage a large iron, winding stair-case has been erected by which visitors can climb to the topmost branches. These trees are the natural inhabitants of the sunny climes of the tropics, but the temperature and atmosphere of this conservatory is so nicely arranged by the devices of art known to the botanical gardener, that it flourishes in this building as well as though it were in its own native elements in South America or South Africa.

These magnificent gardens were commenced by the mother of George III. They were once the favorite residence of George and many members of the royal family, especially the late king of Hanover, who was possessed of a great love for the beautiful surroundings.

The Kew Gardens are now maintained at the national cost. They have in them a special interest to the students of botany who frequently visit them while in the pursuit of that interesting study.

The hot-houses and conservatories are very numerous and contain the largest and most splendid collection of plants in

the world, embracing the gigantic Victoria lily, a large series of palms, orchids, pelargoniums, roses, evergreens and the flora of every land and clime. All are arranged with the greatest skill and care by those in charge who are versed in the science of botany as well as having a thorough practical knowledge of the art of floriculture.

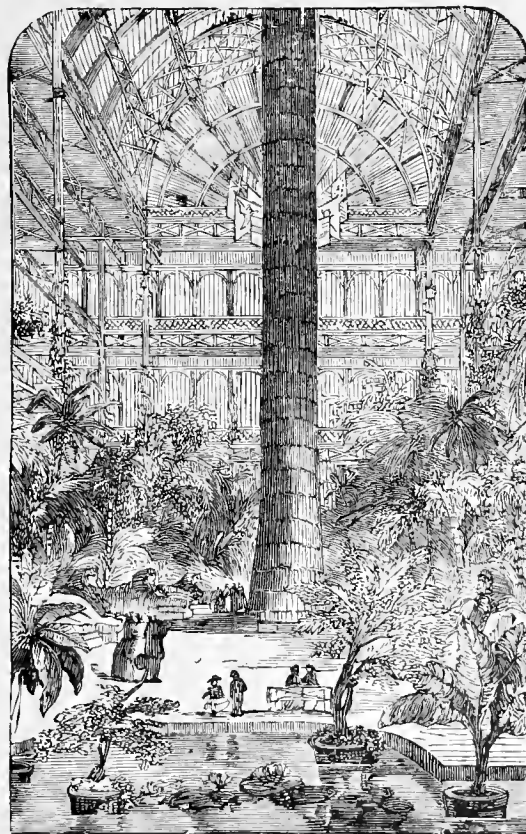
The gardens extend over about seventy-five acres, and the pleasure-grounds connected with them to two hundred and forty acres.

These gardens are open free to the public every afternoon, and many of the inhabitants of the crowded and busy city indulge themselves with a ramble through the spacious grounds, where they enjoy the benefits of the pure air and the largesse of rich scent that continually arises from the flowers.

It is said that London, though the largest city, in point of population, in the world, is more healthful than many of the great cities with a less population. Among the many sanitary features of the city, the open places in the metropolis, such as the parks, gardens, etc., are most important. They have been rightly termed the "lungs" of London, for, being free to the public, the masses, who are penned up in crowded work-shops and factories during the week, stroll through the parks and gardens on Saturday afternoons and Sunday to

breathe the fresh and pure air and gaze upon the beauties of nature.

Hyde Park, St. James, the Green Park, Regent's Park, Victoria Park, Battersea Park and Kensington Park all belong to the nation and are purposely kept out of the builders' hands that they might be enjoyed by the people.



Hyde Park alone covers over four hundred acres. It has its lawns, walks, boulevards, woods, etc. It also has a fine drive which, during an afternoon in the Summer season, presents a very fine appearance where is to be seen all the fashion of London out for exercise. Here is also the Serpentine, an artificial river covering about fifty acres, which is kept in good order. In the early morning during the Summer months it is much frequented by bathers, twelve thousand of whom have been known to indulge in the luxury of a bath in one day.

L.

A SACRED HISTORY.

External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS A. SHREEVE.

Chapter XII.

THE religious history of the peoples who inhabited this continent, according to the Book of Mormon, presents several phases. Both races of people who came under divine guidance to this land from the Old World were believers in the true and living God. But long before the day of Christ's coming many portions of these peoples had fallen into idolatry. Then came Christianity, and it was the dominating faith during many years.

With the extinction of the distinct Nephite race came the reign of idolatry, wherein was preserved old forms and ideas from all the beliefs and legends entertained by the people since they first came to America.

It shall now be my purpose to show that research into religious antiquities of these lands proves not only the origin of the people, as described in the book of Mormon, but proves their various beliefs to have been as stated in the sacred history.

It will be well for us to bear in mind certain facts conceded by historians and philosophers concerning either the growth or the abandonment of religious ideas. To show that what I have asserted concerning the survival of the old forms and legends is correct, I quote from Bancroft's *Native Races*, Vol. III, the following paragraph, which is worthy of study as substantiating my position, and also because of its careful presentation of the results of his study:

As there never was yet found a people without a language, so every nation has its mythology, some popular and attractive form for preserving historical tradition and presenting ethical maxims; and as by the range of their vocabularies we may follow men through all the stages of their progress in government, domestic affairs and mechanical arts, so, by beliefs expressed, we may determine at any given epoch in the history of a race their ideal and intellectual condition. Without the substance there can be no shadow, without the object there can be no name for it; therefore when we find a language without a word to denote property or chastity, we may be sure that the wealth and women of the tribe are held in common; and when in a system of mythology certain important metaphysical or æsthetic ideas and attributes are wanting, it is evident that the intellect of its composers has not yet reached beyond a certain low point of conception. Moreover, as in things evil may be found a spirit of good, so in fable we find an element of truth. It is now a recognized principle of philosophy, that no religious belief, however crude, nor any historical tradition, however absurd, can be held by the majority of a people for any considerable time as true, without having in the beginning some foundation in fact. More especially is the truth of this principle apparent when we consider that in all the multitudinous beliefs of all ages, held by peoples savage

and civilized, there exist a concurrence of ideas and a coincidence of opinion. Human conceptions of supernatural affairs spring from like intuitions. As human nature is essentially the same throughout the world and throughout time, so the religious instincts which form a part of that universal humanity generate and develop in like manner under like conditions. The desire to penetrate hidden surroundings and the method of attempting it are to a certain extent common to all. All wonder at the mysterious; all attempt the solution of mysteries; all primarily possess equal facilities for arriving at correct conclusions. The genesis of belief is uniform, and the results under like conditions analogous. We may conclude that the purposes for which these fictitious narratives were so carefully preserved and handed down to posterity were two-fold—to keep alive certain facts and to inculcate certain doctrines. Something there must have been in every legend, in every tradition, in every belief which has ever been entertained by the majority of a people, to recommend it to the minds of men in the first instance. Error absolute cannot exist; false doctrine without an amalgam of verity speedily crumbles, and the more monstrous the falsity the more rapid its decomposition. Myths were the oracles of our savage ancestors; their creed, the rule of their life, prized by them as men now prize their faith; and by whatever savage philosophy these strange conceits were eliminated, their effect upon the popular mind was vital. Anaxagoras, Socrates, Protagoras, and Epicurus well knew and boldly proclaimed that the gods of the Grecians were disreputable characters, not the kind of deities to make or govern worlds; yet so deep-rooted in the hearts of the people were the maxims of the past, that for these expressions one heretic was cast into prison, another expelled from Athens, and another forced to drink the hemlock. And the less a fable presents the appearance of probability, the more grotesque and extravagant it is, the less the likelihood of its having originated in pure invention; for no extravagantly absurd invention without a particle of truth could by any possibility have been palmed off upon a people, and by them accepted, revered, recited, preserved as a veritable incident or solution of mystery, and handed down to those most dear to them, to be in like manner held as sacred. Therefore we may be sure that there never was a myth without a meaning; that mythology is not a bundle of ridiculous fancies invented for vulgar amusement; that there is not one of these stories, no matter how silly or absurd, which was not founded on fact, which did not once hold a significance. "And though I have well weighed and considered all this," concluded Lord Bacon, nearly three hundred years ago, "and thoroughly seen into the levity which the mind indulges for allegories and illusions, yet I cannot but retain a high value for the ancient mythology." Indeed, to ancient myths has been attributed the preservation of shattered fragments of lost sciences, even as some have alleged that we are indebted to the writings of Democritus and Aristotle for modern geographical discoveries.

Donnelly in writing of the people who inhabit Central America, says:

The essence of religion is conservatism; little is invented; nothing perishes; change comes from without; and even when one religion is supplanted by another, its gods live in the demons of the new faith, or they pass into the folk lore and fairy stories of the people.

While not conceding all that Donnelly says, because it may be taken as precluding the idea of revelation, I regard it as a fact demonstrated through all the centuries, that a belief is almost undying. It preserves its form or its spirit in some fashion or another until its very origin is lost in the mists of the past.

In a former chapter I have shown the belief which existed here upon the continent among the ancient inhabitants, in the deluge, as described in Genesis. It may be a good point from which to resume a consideration of the religious faith of this land and its people in the olden time.

Ignatius Donnelly goes so far as to say that there is scarcely a prominent fact in the opening chapters of the book of Genesis which cannot be duplicated from the legends of the Ameri-

can nations; and there is scarcely a custom known to the Jews that does not find its counterpart among the people of the New World.

An estimate of some of these points of similarity comes properly within the chapters devoted to religion, although some few of the customs may appear more social than religious in their nature.

I am indebted to Donnelly for a comparison of the religious legends of this hemisphere with Genesis; and I quote his ideas freely in the succeeding paragraphs.

The Bible tells us (*Gen. i, 2*) that in the beginning the earth was without form and void, and covered with water. In the Quiche Legends we are told—"At first all was sea, no man, no animal, no bird, or green herb, there was nothing to be seen but the sea and the heavens."

The Bible tells us (*Gen. i, 2*) "And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." The Quiche Legend says, "The Creator—the Former, the Dominator—the feathered serpent—those that gave life, moved upon the waters like a glowing light."

The Bible says (*Gen. i, 9*) "And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so." The Quiche Legend says, "The creative spirits cried out 'Earth!' and in an instant it was formed, and rose like a vapor-cloud; immediately the plains and the mountains arose, and the cypress and the pine appeared."

The Bible tells us, "and God saw that it was good." The Quiche legend says, "Then Gucumatz was filled with joy, and cried out, 'Blessed be thy coming, O Heart of Heaven, Huraken, thunderbolt.'"

The order in which the vegetables, animals and man were formed is the same in both records.

In Genesis (*Chap. ii, 7*) we are told, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground." The Quiche legend says, "The first man was made of clay; but he had no intelligence, and was consumed in the water."

In Genesis the first man is represented as naked. The Aztec legend says, "The sun was much nearer the earth then than now, and his grateful warmth rendered clothing unnecessary."

(To be Continued.)

WHICH IS BETTER?

BY JOCK.

IF there is one thing more than another that we would impress upon the boys and young men of our community it is the necessity of learning a trade by which the hand may become skilled in some useful branch of industry. The training of the mind is of the greatest importance and should receive the most careful attention, but no young man's education is complete without the possession of some trade whereby he can earn a livelihood if other sources of income fail.

It was the honorable boast of the noted Horace Greely while editing the New York *Tribune*, that he was not alone dependent upon his abilities as a writer for his subsistence. He said:

"It is a great source of consolation to us, that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming; so that while our strength lasts ten thousand blockheads taking offense at some article they do not understand could not drive us into the poor-house."

The tendency of the present age and the inclination of young men seem to be towards the various professions, or some light, easy work. In fact cases are not rare in our community where sneering remarks are made about young men who take the course to which reference has been made, and shun the store and counting room for the more difficult though equally honorable labor at the work-bench. But only shallow-minded persons look with disfavor upon the artisan, while the intelligent man views this class as the one that gives stability and strength to the government.

One cannot but admire the course taken by the wealthy philanthropist, Stephen Girard, who abounded in useful and curious expedients to teach those around him practical lessons upon various points. A clerk, who had faithfully served the merchant from boyhood, went to his master on his twenty-first birthday and told him his time was up. He naturally expected to be promoted, but Girard said to him:

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade, and when you have made a perfect barrel bring it to me."

The young man followed the excellent advice given, and after a time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own manufacture.

Girard carefully examined it, and then gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, saying at the same time:

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve."

It seems to be the idea of too many young men that because they possess some considerable means or perchance have acquired a collegiate education that it would be time wasted to learn a trade, and say, as did a certain fast young man, when his father suggested that it was time he was beginning to think of supporting himself:

"I will not learn a trade."

In less than five years thereafter that same young man was acquiring skill in harness making at one of the eastern penitentiaries.

Another young man who thought himself above "common labor" has yet several years to serve in the Missouri prison on a sentence for crime. His parents left him at their death fifty thousand dollars; and "this is where," remarked one who visited the wayward youth, "his parents made a fatal mistake. Had they left the young man simply a jack-plane or a wood-saw, with printed instructions how to use them, the chances are that instead of being in the penitentiary, he would to-day have been gradually but surely working his way up to a handsome competency and an honorable old age."

In every large city of the country men can be found seeking work even at moderate salaries who a few years ago were successful merchants, brilliant students or worked at a profession, but very few indeed are the cases where a master mechanic, and everyone who commences at a trade should become its master, is under the necessity of seeking employment out of his line. Good, skilled workmen in every branch of industry are always in demand, and such are the ones who build up and beautify a country and give prestige to a community.

WE cannot keep our bodies long here: they are corruptible bodies, and will tumble into dust and we will part with them for a while; and if ever we expect and desire a happy meeting again, we must use them with modesty and reverence now.

PERSECUTION.

BY J. M. WHITAKER.

NATURE reveals the fact that there are opposites in all things—in the forces at work in the atmosphere, the agencies of disintegration in the earth, the food that we eat, the air that we breathe; in all things are there opposing forces. Where there is light, darkness finds its way; truth is not without its counterpart, error; nor is liberty of action, speech or conscience to be found without bondage, sophistry and immorality, attempting to make inroads to crush justice and right.

The promulgation of the principles of justice and religious liberty, have, in every age, aroused the passions of the wicked, and brought persecution and oppression upon advocates of divine truth. But persecution is a legacy of the righteous; for "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" and "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution." By it, new thoughts are developed, new inventions brought to light. Through its operations the dross is separated from the gold, and the hypocrite made to tremble, while the righteous stand boldly in defence of their conscientious convictions. By persecution the human heart is made susceptible to sympathy for those who are called or made to suffer. It is a test to the soul. Like the piercing rays of the sun, purifying the the atmosphere, or the heat of the furnace burning and separating the genuine metal from the dross, does persecution and oppression drive error from truth, iniquity from righteousness, and the ungodly from among righteous men.

Beginning with the great conflict in heaven, the ambitious Lucifer, the father of lies, the master of torture, the originator of cunning, deceitful practices, commenced his deeds of infamy and tyranny, and awakened the energies and powers of his followers to defeat justice and truth. The words of Charles Macay in his "Eternal Justice" in relation to the power of truth are as true to-day as when uttered:

But never a truth has been destroyed,
They may curse it and call it a crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.

No code of ethics or system of philosophy has ever dawned upon the human mind and been developed for the good of man, but that its counterpart, opposition and error, have played a part in the tragedy that followed. Though Galileo while in the court was forced, under the penalty of death, to recant, yet when he was out in the free air he said, "The world does move for all that."

Though brave Socrates, strengthened by the hope of immortality, withstood the fiery darts of the demons and the sophistry of his age, by "diamond truth," yet he was hounded down and preferred to drink the fatal hemlock than to recant.

No less was persecution and opposition rife when Herod, the first foreign ruler of Judea and ruler of the Jews, heard that a personage was to be born, who was to be the ruler of the world. When news reached him that this Prince was born at Bethlehem, he became alarmed; and fearful lest he should be deposed and his kingdom taken from him he ordered every male child at two years of age and under in all Bethlehem to be slain. Not being able to get the object of his hate, he poured out his spirit of persecution upon his own family and many noblemen. The most tender ties which bind the human heart, lost their purity in Herod's attempt to defeat justice. His bitter opposition to truth and the love of his

own family were shown when he murdered his wife, destroyed his children and stained the ground with the blood of the innocent. But it was at his return from Jericho that he proceeded to the crowning act of his most diabolical career. By his stringent laws and oppressive measures he weaned the love of the people from him; and it was through fear of death that they did his bidding. For his heartless acts, the vengeance of a divine power soon overtook him, but being determined that people should mourn at his death, he issued another edict, commanding that all the most distinguished men be shut up in the "Hippodrome." Then sending for his sister and her husband, he addressed them thus: "I know that the Jews will rejoice at my death; but I may be lamented by means of others, and have splendid funeral rites, if you are willing to perform my commands. As soon as I have expired, surround these men that are now under guard with soldiers, as soon as possible, and slay them, that all Judea, and every house, though against their will may be compelled to weep at my death." Then his destruction began. The disease of raging fever began to consume his whole system, which ended in a convulsive cough. Painful and distressed, he slowly decomposed, and after suffering the most excruciating pains, he ended this life. Such, then, was the horrible death that overtook this human monster, not only for his opposing the truth and persecuting the righteous, but for the murder of his offspring.

After Jesus had selected His disciples and entered upon the ministry, He began to meet with the most determined opposition, and persecution commenced against Him and His followers. Expounding His doctrine and leaving the apostles to carry on the dissemination of the principles of righteousness, He was betrayed, and met His death at the hands of cruel persecutors. The persecution of His apostles continued until all were destroyed. But note how the speedy vengeance of a just God overtook their murderers.

After the destroyers of these holy men had been put to the sword and suffered in different ways for their terrible deeds, another plague, most distressing to contemplate overtook them in the way of a famine. In all the land of Judea scarcity of food increased until the torments and ravages of hunger were so fierce that bands of robbers and banditti were organized to gather food from those who were fortunate enough to possess it. Going from house to house, they would break in and take the bread from the mouths of dying babes and would kill the aged if they did not produce some food. One single instance will suffice to show how terrible the pangs and excruciating the tortures which were visited upon the persecutors of the righteous, and which may tend to show how terrible is the doom of those who fight against the work of God:

A lady of eminence and wealth, by the name of Maria, after enduring violence from the hands of robbers in her own place, took refuge in the great city of Jerusalem to protect her infant from starvation. But here she was robbed of every thing that prying eyes could discover, and the food was taken from her child. Time and time again she endured this, driven to destitution and determined that her child should not die of starvation, she seized it, and wildly exclaimed: "Wretched child! In the midst of war and famine, for what do I preserve thee? Our condition is slavery. Come, be then food to me, fury to the assassins and a tale for men." Then grasping her infant and a knife, she destroyed her own offspring, roasted and devoured one half of it, and the other she laid aside and covered up. Scarcely had she hid it away, before the demons of torture, driven mad and frenzied by the fumes of the

roasted child, broke in and commanded her to produce the food she had, or threatened her with instant death. Wild and frantic with hunger, and almost driven to insanity by her foul deed, she brought forth the remaining part of the child and exclaimed in tones that made those hard-hearted wretches quake and tremble: "I have reserved a part for you. This is my own son and the deed is mine. Take and eat, be not more delicate than a woman." It sickened the robbers and they left full of wonder and terror.

When truth had been trampled to the earth, and Deity had almost ceased to be acknowledged by the rulers of nations, men arose and broke from the yoke of Catholicism and asserted their right to believe in God and act according to dictates of their own consciences. Martin Luther kindled the fire of reformation in Germany, and Zuingli, Melancthon, Huss, Knox and many other noble men raised the cry of reform in almost every country in Europe. Opposition, persecution and tyranny mustered their forces against these reformers, some of whom were imprisoned, others ostracised; while some were killed at the rack, burned at the stake and stretched on the gibbet. But this opposition only tended to strengthen the ranks of the just until the whole of Europe was involved in a long and bloody war.

In the early part of the nineteenth century the principles of the true gospel which had been lost to earth for centuries, burst through the clouds of infidelity, and shown with splendor at the appearance of the Father and Son. But from the time the first spark of inspiration filled the breast of the great prophet, Joseph Smith, the powers of the evil one have been arrayed on the battle-field of opposition, and now truth and error are engaged in a conflict that will bring sorrow and remorse of conscience to the one class and joy and gladness to the other. Never since the dawn of light or the morning of time upon this planet has such a force been collected in battle array. In this conflict are all the powers of the earth and hell combined in opposing truth.

Persecution may rage, opposition may increase, destruction of life and property may continue and they may not cease to imprison and malign the best men on the earth; but prison walls can never be built so high nor floodgates of adversity so strong but what the spirit of the great Jehovah will break away their strong defences and ultimately truth will triumph and God will be glorified.

Sickening and heart-rending were the scenes of the inquisition and the tortures of Rome; but they are equalled by the scenes of these days, which bring desolation to many homes. Anew have the tortures of Nero been called to aid in the fight against truth. The beautiful orchards, the verdant greens, the waving fields of golden grain, everything that once tended to make home happy is now sought and the places are desecrated by the supporters of oppression and tyranny.

Though Utah is now passing through a stormy season of trouble and trial, yet when the Springtime of freedom does come, its influence will be appreciated, and the clearing away of the clouds will bring great feelings of gratitude for the establishment of true principles of freedom and justice.

FRETTING—The rubbing of the eyes doth not fetch out the mote, but makes them more red and angry; no more doth the distraction and fretting of the mind discharge it of any ill humors, but rather makes them more abound to vex us.

ON THE NILE.

ON one occasion I was descending the Nile in a large undecked boat, called a jerni, which was deeply laden with wheat in bulk from Upper Egypt, going to Alexandria for a market. As neither Turks nor Arabs use fowling pieces, and are unable to comprehend the pleasure felt by European travelers in killing birds for sport, there is no destruction of the feathered tribes through these means; and they accordingly multiply prodigiously. This is especially the case with pigeons, of which I have seen flocks containing perhaps a million separate birds.

On the present occasion, as the jerni was slowly descending the Nile by the force of the current only, there came off from every village that we passed, a large flock of pigeons, and alighted on the grain, as it was heaped up in the center of the boat. Successive groups at last so entirely covered the whole surface that not a grain could be seen, and this while the reis, or captain, sat near the helm, smoking his pipe with the utmost composure. At length I could not forbear asking him to whom all this grain belonged. He replied, "belongs—it all belongs to me." I asked whether he did not view with regret the immense consumption of it going on before his eyes.

He then asked me, "Do you not think that God who made the pigeons as well as man, intended them also to be fed?"

I could not but say "Certainly."

"Is not," he continued, "grain their natural food?"

I confessed it was.

"Can they," said he, "plough, and sow, and reap, as we can, to obtain it?"

I was compelled to answer "No."

"Then was it not clearly the intention of the Creator that they should take it wherever they could find it?"

I asked, whether such a diminution in the store of grain before us would not involve loss? "In quantity," he replied, "undoubtedly, for the half can never be equal to the whole; but not in value, for this is the course of commerce. If all the boats laden with grain arrive at Alexandria without diminution of their cargoes, there will be a glut in the market, and the price will fall. If, on the contrary, nearly half of each cargo should be consumed before it reaches the port, there will be a short supply, and prices will rise; so that in all probability I shall get just as much money at high prices for my half cargo as I should have done at low prices for the whole; and thus you perceive, God does not permit me to be a loser by my kindness to His creatures."

THE morality of an action depends on the motive from which we act. If I fling half-a-crown to a beggar, with intention to break his head, and he picks it up and buys victuals with it, the physical effect is good; but with respect to me the action is very wrong. So religious exercise, if not preformed with an intention to please God, avails us nothing. As our Savior says of those who perform them from other motives, "Verily they have their reward."

If there is a God, He gave us our passions, as well our reason; they therefore, as well as reason, should assist in His service. And indeed, reason without them, though it may loudly tell, will but lamely perform, our duty.

Our opportunities to do good are our talents.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

TIT FOR TAT.

"Is Totty going home with you?
And won't you take me, too?
Take me to see you, auntie dear,
Along with Totty, do!"

"No; not to-day; another time."
"Why not?" "Well, it might be
Too much for grandmamma to have
You both at once, you see."

He was too sweet and wise to tease,
This Georgie, four years old;
He nodded softly to his thought
His locks of curly gold.

His face demure his mischief hid
When auntie said good-by,
And with a grave and grown-up air
He put his question sly:

"Auntie Saidie, are you coming soon
To see mamma again?"
"Yes—shall I, dear?" "Oh yes, but don't
Bring Uncle Willie then."

"Why, Georgie, not bring Uncle Will,
Who thinks so much of you!
Not bring your Uncle Willie, dear?
I thought you loved him, too?"

In breathless haste the answer came:
"O 'course; but it might be
Too much for my mamma to have
You both at once, you see!"

GOOD FOR EVIL.

"MAMMA," said my little Charley, "now that I have a new sled, what shall I do with the old one?" His face wore a puzzled look for a little while, when a thought struck him. "Mamma, there's a chance to do something—real good, too. What's the use talking so much about a thing, and never doing it?"

"What, Charley?"

"Well, mamma, if there's any boy in the world I hate, that boy's Sim Tyson. He's always plagu-

ing and teasing me and all the other little boys, either taking our things from us, or pretending that he's going to. It never does any good to get *cross*; for that's just what he likes; but, better even than this, Sim *does* like a sled; and—well, maybe it's foolish—but I've half a notion to give that old sled to him. It might make him *think*, and so do him good. Mightn't it, mamma?"

"Yes, it *might*," said the mother.

So Sim got Charley's sled, which pleased and touched him beyond everything; and they do say he is kinder, not only to the little boys, but to everybody, than he was before.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

LITTLE Harry had one very marked trait of character. He always looked on the bright side.

One day he was all tiptoe with anticipation expecting his father home.

Somebody else was expecting him too, for the table was set very temptingly for dinner, with fresh linen and fragrant flowers by one plate; the oysters just ready to go into the kettle, and now it was time for the train.

"There is the whistle!" said Harry, and catching his cap, was down to the station in three minutes, to walk up with his father.

The oysters were steaming hot, and the coffee ready, but the time seemed pretty long since the whistle, and Harry's mother looked out once more to see him walking home alone.

"He didn't come; I waited till every one was off," said he, a little soberly.

His mother's heart sank lower than Harry's

"I think there may have been some accident on the other train," she said slowly.

"Yes," replied Harry, his face brightening, to her surprise; "yes, and he is so busy helping others that he forgot to send us word. That's the way to look on the *bright side of an accident*, isn't it?"

Harry's father came on the next train, but in her joy at his return, Harry's mother still kept room in her heart for the lesson she learned, and which has often cheered her since, of how to make the best of our every-day disappointments; and one of her proverbs is, "There may be a bright side to an accident."

No one has a right to mercy who cannot himself show mercy.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 15.

1. WHEN did the Prophet Joseph receive an important revelation concerning the building of the Nauvoo Temple, and the order and authority of the Priesthood? A. January 19th, 1841.

2. Where is the revelation recorded? A. In the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 124.

3. When did Hyrum Smith receive the office of Patriarch to the Church, in place of Joseph Smith Sen., deceased? A. January 24th, 1841.

4. Who was appointed one of the First Presidency in his stead? A. Wm. Law.

5. When was Joseph Smith elected sole trustee for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? A. At a meeting held in Nauvoo on the 30th of January, 1841.

6. When were the corner stones of the Nauvoo Temple laid? A. On the 6th of April, 1841.

7. How was the first (south-east corner) stone laid? A. The architect under the direction of the First Presidency lowered it to its place and the Prophet pronounced the benediction, and Sidney Rigdon followed in prayer.

8. After an adjournment of one hour how did they proceed with the next (south-west) corner stone? A. The people re-assembled and the stone was laid by the direction of the High Priesthood—Don Carlos Smith and his counselors.

9. Who directed the laying of the third or north-west corner stone? A. The High Council.

10. Who superintended the laying of the fourth or north-east corner stone? A. Bishop Newel K. Whitney and the bishops.

THE names of those who answered questions on Church History published in No. 15 are as follows: Henry H. Blood, Jas. G. West, Heber C. Blood, Lottie J. Fox, Alice Thomas, Annie S. Sessions, Arthur Porter.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. Who took the superintendency of the printing office of *The Times and Seasons*, and who was appointed editor in the early part of 1842? 2. When did Joseph Smith take charge of the editorial department? 3. When was the organization of the Female Relief Society effected? 4. Give the names of its first officers. 5. When was the *Millennial Star* office removed from Manchester to Liverpool? 6. How many brethren were ordained elders at a special conference held in Nauvoo on the 6th and

7th of April, 1842? 7. What periodical was first issued in Nauvoo during this month? 8. By whom was it edited? 9. What important instructions did Joseph impart to some of the leading brethren in a council held on the 4th of May, 1842? 10. What are the names of the brethren who met with him in this council?

LITTLE HARRY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

THIS dear little boy was at a very early age fond of getting his mamma to tell him about God and the Savior who came down to earth to be a little child, and set an example of a holy and perfect life.

Little Harry's mamma lived not far from the church, and she always spoke of it to him as "God's House."

Harry often begged to go to church with the older children, but for a long time his mamma was afraid to let him go, he was so young.

One day when mamma was sick and not able to go out, Harry's sister joined her entreaties to his that he might go to church under her care, and mamma consented.

He went off in high glee, but when he returned what a contrast! His little face was all flushed, his lip quivering, and his bosom seemed bursting with convulsed sobs.

As soon as he got to his mamma he hid his face on her lap, and cried so it was some time before she could find out what distressed him.

At last, he stammered out, "Mamma! I looked all over God's house, and I could not find God anywhere!" And the disappointment seemed almost to break his heart.

Most people would be glad to improve the moment which should insure a fortunate turn in their undertakings; but only now and then is one willing to work hard enough, and long enough, to bring about the fortune-turning moment. Yet, as a rule, the man who finds himself at the top of the hill is the man who has done some hard climbing. "Strike the iron while it is hot" is good advice, but then it should be remembered that the iron has to be made hot before time for striking.

LIFE is history, not poetry. It consists mainly of little things, rarely illuminated by flashes of great heroism, rarely broken by great dangers or demanding great exertions.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1887.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

THE great strength of a true Latter-day Saint consists in his confidence in God. He is fully conscious that God sees and knows him, and that nothing connected with him is hid from His all-piercing eye. When trouble or affliction of any kind falls upon him or he becomes involved in difficulties, the knowledge that his Heavenly Father is aware of it all and is ready to give him aid and strength is an unceasing cause of comfort to him. He may be a victim of wrong; he may be suffering from false accusations; his motives may not be known, or he may be charged with improper motives; his friends may be turned away from him, and he may feel, so far as man is concerned, that he does not know where to turn for assistance; but he is constantly sustained by the knowledge that God is His unfailing friend, and that He will deliver him and will control and overrule all things for his good. We would be a very unhappy people in our present situation if it were not for this comfort that we have.

Children should make God their friend in early life. They should learn to go to Him in the midst of their little troubles and perplexities and call upon Him for help and for His Holy Spirit to be given them to assist them. Confidence in God can be cultivated until it attains to such strength and power that those who possess it can be in constant communication with their Heavenly Father.

The elders who go out in their youth have had but little or no experience respecting God's willingness to furnish them with food and with clothing, and to give them friends. They find themselves, when they reach their fields of labor, under the necessity of calling upon the Almighty for His aid.

They need friends; they beseech Him to give them friends.

They need money; they beseech the Lord to supply their wants.

They need places where they can get food and lodging; they call upon Him and in a most marvelous manner their supplications are answered.

And though they may be away from all their former friends and in the midst of strangers, they find themselves fed, clothed, lodged and means furnished them to pay their expenses; and this through the direct blessing of God upon them in answer to their prayers.

This experience gives them great faith, and they feel, when they are in need of help, that they only need to go to their God and ask for it and they will receive at His hands. Every year of such experience adds wonderfully to the faith of those who obtain it.

In this way the Latter-day Saints have become a people of great faith.

IT is our duty to live each day so that we have a conscience void of offence, towards God and towards all men. We should not suffer a day to pass over our heads without exam-

ining ourselves and learning from the examination wherein we fail in our duty.

If we trespass upon our neighbor by our words or our acts, we should confess to that neighbor and ask his forgiveness therefor. If we should trespass against the laws of our God by any thought, word or act, we should confess to Him and not be content until we obtain His forgiveness therefor.

In this way we can keep ourselves free from condemnation.

When we live in this condition, having God for our friend, it makes but little difference with us what man may say about us or do towards us. We can rely on the protecting care and the deliverance of our Heavenly Father. He will not desert us. He will not leave us to be overcome of evil. But He will come to our aid and constantly extend His arm of protection around us. He will give us peace and joy and every good gift—gifts which the world cannot give and which the world cannot take away from us.

The experience of the Latter-day Saints teaches them to bear, without being disturbed, the assaults of the wicked. What Latter-day Saint cares about the lies that are told about the people or about himself? They do not annoy him because he lives above them. He has learned the truth of the words of the Savior:

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

But it is very different when our own brethren and our own sisters say wrong things concerning us, or attribute to us wrong motives and charge us with evil of which we may be innocent. Then we are wounded, because the injury comes from those whose good opinion we value and from whom we expect sympathy and kindness and love. But sometimes Latter-day Saints find themselves charged by their brethren and sisters with wrong of which they have not been guilty. This was the case with the prophet, Joseph. Some of his own brethren viewed certain of his acts with suspicion and attributed wrong motives to him. He suffered much during his life from this cause. These words and acts were much harder for him to bear than all that his enemies did to him. They wounded him in the most tender part; because such conduct came from those who ought to have been, according to the covenant, his best friends; and who should have sustained him by their faith, prayers and works.

The prophet Brigham had the same influence, also, to contend with, to a certain extent. Many of his words and his acts were misunderstood and misrepresented; the motives which prompted them were interpreted wrongly, and he was judged and, in some instances, condemned without cause.

So it has been with others. So it will be, doubtless, so long as men and women are in a state of mortality and are subject to human weaknesses.

Satan takes delight in sowing the seeds of distrust and suspicion and jealousy in the minds of Saints against that which is good and against those, especially, who bear the Priesthood. It is exceedingly important that Latter-day Saints should be on their guard against the falsehoods which he circulates and the injustice which he would have them commit by yielding to his promptings.

WE say, therefore, to our JUVENILES, it is of the utmost importance for you, if you would be happy through your lives that you make God your friend. Seek Him con-

stantly. Live in close communion with Him through the Holy Spirit. Obtain each day the forgiveness of your sins, so that you may know that you are not condemned in His sight. In this way you will secure to yourself unflinching happiness in this life and eternal glory in that which is to come.

OUR TERRITORY.

A lecture delivered before the 76th Quorum of Seventies in Ogden, by Moroni F. Brown.

THE subject upon which I shall for a limited portion of this evening attempt to entertain you, is one which is naturally made up of various themes, each one of which is extensive enough to occupy the whole of a single evening; but I shall feel satisfied with myself, if I am able to speak upon the general subject for a short time, and give to you if but a dim insight to the qualities of our Territory.

My text embraces the geography, resources, and attractions of Utah. I prefer to describe her geographical location first, as that will serve as an index to the other portions of the subject; for grapes do not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles; no more do the same luscious and kindred fruits abound in the frigid climate of Greenland, nor warm mineral springs in the Arctic circle.

Forty years ago on the 24th day of last July, a band of sturdy pioneers entered Great Salt Lake Valley, as exiles from civilization. Forced by the cruel hand of persecution from happy homes and cheerful firesides they wandered for more than a thousand miles through trackless deserts, and over mountains of barren rocks. And when at last they arrived in the Great Salt Lake Basin, their animals were very much jaded and reduced in flesh. The forbidding appearance of the country almost induced some to continue their journey westward; but listening to the prophet, Brigham, when he declared that a city and temple of God should be established where Salt Lake City now stands, they relinquished the idea of continuing their journey, and waited to see the words of the prophet fulfilled; and to convince one that they *have* been fulfilled, only requires a visit to Salt Lake City, where may be seen a substantial verification of the prophet's words—a beautiful city whose most imposing feature is a splendid temple erected to the living God.

Lying between the 37th and 42nd degrees of north latitude, and between the 109th and 114th meridians west from Greenwich is the Territory of Utah; bounded on the north by Idaho and Wyoming, on the south by Arizona, on the west by Nevada, and on the east by Colorado and Wyoming. It once comprised a much larger tract of land, but since after slice has been cut off her borders to form other territories until she is now reduced to about 84,476 square miles or 54,064,640 acres, which is yet equal to the aggregate area of the New England States. The area surveyed to June 30th, 1884, was 9,301,508 acres. In making secessions of the land of Utah to other territories, the convenience of the latter, seemingly, has always been consulted. Utah, like her people, is considered by many to be entitled to an existence only during the pleasure of the head of the nation of which she forms a part. When Wyoming was created, Utah was left in a very unsymmetrical shape by being deprived of her northeast corner.

Utah is made up of twenty-four counties, the names of which are as follows: Beaver, Box Elder, Cache, Davis, Emery,

Garfield, Iron, Juab, Kane, Millard, Morgan, Piute, Rich, Salt Lake, San Juan, Sanpete, Sevier, Summit, Tooele, Uintah, Utah, Wasatch, Washington, and Weber; San Juan being the largest and Davis the smallest county in the Territory.

It is divided into three judicial districts, over each of which there is a judge appointed by the President of the United States, and all of whom constitute the Supreme Court of the Territory.

The altitude of Salt Lake above the sea level is 4210 feet; while the highest peak is Mt. Nebo, which rises to an altitude of 11,992 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated at a point where the lines between Utah, Juab and Sanpete Counties intersect. The Territory is traversed from north to south by rugged ranges of the Rocky Mountains; the Wasatch being the most important range.

Having given a brief outline of the geographical location of Utah, we shall now proceed to examine into her

RESOURCES.

We now come to the most important part of this subject; one which naturally divides into various branches which necessarily must be segregated, in order that a clear understanding may be given of what the resources of Utah are:

When in 1847, the pioneers arrived in this valley, they found only a dreary desert whose attraction consisted in nothing but its remoteness from the scene of the cruel and unhalloved persecution to which they had for many years been subjected. It was too late to attempt to raise any grain that season, but gardens were planted which yielded crops ere cold weather had set in. This gave evidence that the soil only needed the magic touch of the husbandman, in order that

AGRICULTURE

might be successfully carried on. Farms were laid out and planted, and the following year witnessed a harvest of grain and various other products. This industry became of necessity the leading pursuit of the people; every man and many of the women being interested in tilling the soil for a livelihood. It was the only employment at that time, that would warrant a just compensation for the amount of labor expended. The land though at first sterile was found to contain the necessary elements for the production of heavy crops; and it soon became evident, also, that the climate of Utah was particularly adapted to the raising of many kinds of fruit.

An old mountaineer by the name of Bridger was so sanguine in the belief that grain could not be raised here, that he offered \$1000, for the first ear of corn that would mature in Salt Lake Valley.

(To be Continued.)

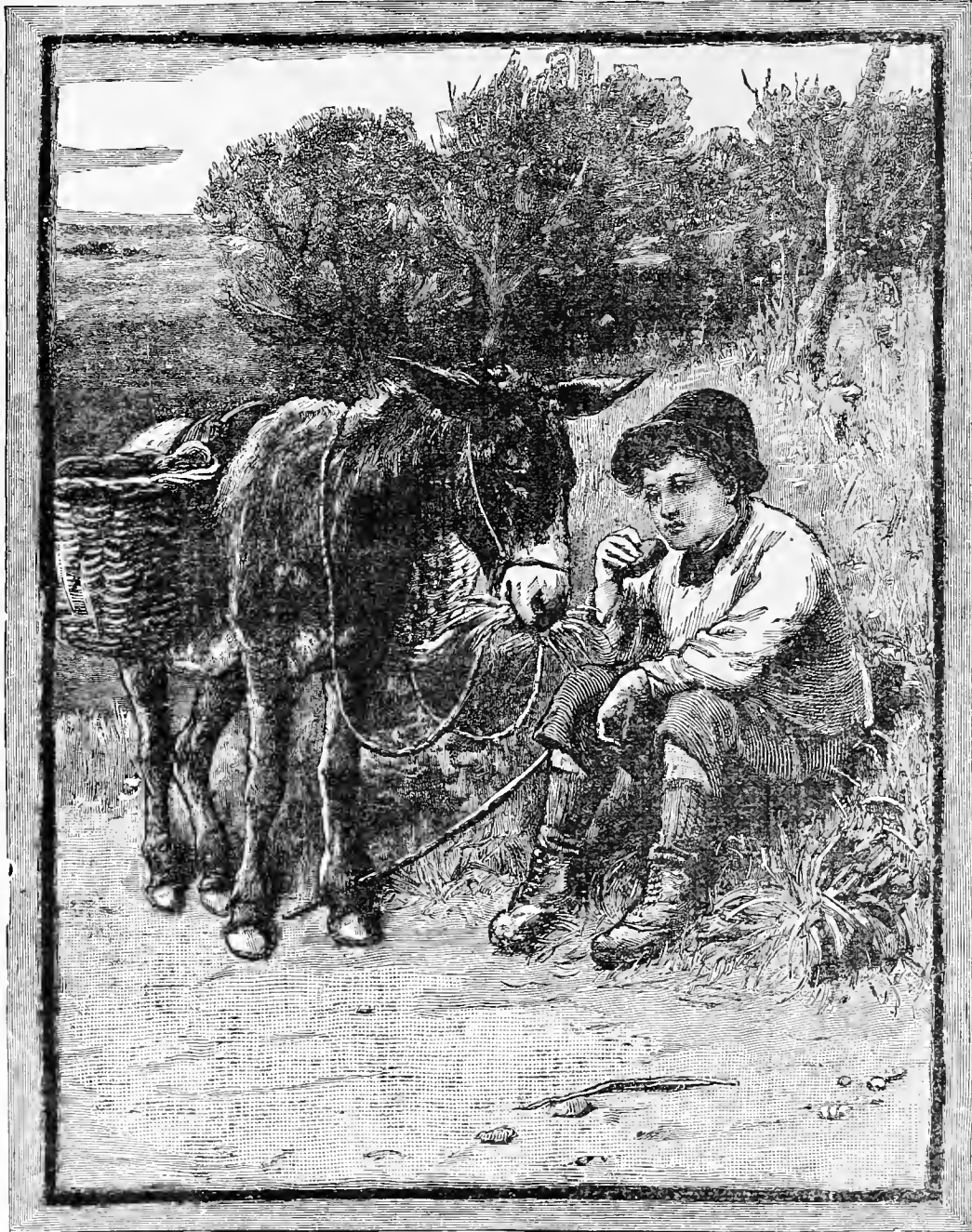
THE COMING MEN.—When will they come—men whom no promise of office, no fear of displacement, no glitter of gold, no threat of being given away, can move them one jot or tittle from the right; men who shall drive back into the throat of the corruptible ones who utter it, the foul lie that “every man has his price;” men who shall be more precious to society and to the country, than “fine gold or the golden wedge of Ophir.” Everybody is waiting patiently for the good time coming. It will come by-and-by, if knavery does not triumph. Good times will never come again to this country, if a score or more of such men be not found to lead the affairs of State. That's what's the matter with us.

LITTLE JIM'S LABOR.

NEAR one of the large cities of England lived little Jim Goodman. His father had succeeded, shortly after Jim's birth, in renting a small piece of land so near the city that he could supply fresh vegetables to the hotels every day, and was thus able to provide for the necessities of his family,

at the point of death, then he improved a little. But after weeks of careful nursing without any apparent change for the better, he became almost discouraged at the terrible thought that henceforth he would be an invalid.

This affliction had soon devoured the careful earnings of former years, and want was crowding its way into the vine-covered cottage. What was to be done? The father unable



and also save a few pennies monthly for a "rainy day." Jim was sent to school, for his father realized that the most valuable gift he could make his son was a good education, and the boy also seemed anxious to improve his moments and made good progress in his studies.

The little English home was filled with happiness, but just as the sun of prosperity seemed shining brightest, the father was stricken down with disease, and for many days lay almost

to move a hand to work, the mother's time so occupied in the care of her sick husband and household duties as to leave but little time for the earning of a few pence by sewing! No ray of sunshine seemed to light the now beclouded path of the true-hearted couple. But hopeful youth saw amid the gloom a bright gleam, and one morning Jim, who was now ten years old, startled his parents by telling them he was going to leave school and seek work, so that he might earn a little towards

the support of the family. He therefore brought home his books, laid them carefully away, and early next morning started to the city to find employment in an office or at such work as a small boy could do.

He visited place after place and sought a job, but either his abilities were doubted or his services were not needed, for he did not find a position, and, in some places, he received harsh or sneering words from unfeeling men to whom he applied for work. For several days he unsuccessfully tried. At last he went home to his parents somewhat discouraged and told them he should try no more for a position in the city but would take his father's place in disposing of the products of the garden.

Accordingly, the next morning he arose bright and early, loaded the faithful little donkey with produce in baskets fastened across his back, and started for the city. It was hard work to find purchasers for his load, but Jim's pleasing way and strong determination finally found him customers and he received a good price for all he had. As he stopped by the road-side to eat his dinner on the way home his heart was filled with joy at his success and it seemed to him that all nature smiled upon him for the labor he had done. Thus he continued for several weeks to dispose of what the land yielded, and was even more successful than his father had been.

What he was doing, however, was not known alone to Jim's parents—a wealthy, though kind-hearted merchant had watched the young peddler and had reached the conclusion that a boy who was so affable and accommodating to his customers, and kind and faithful to his parents, was too valuable to be left unnoticed. He therefore approached Jim and offered him a position in his large store at a good salary for one so young.

Jim accepted and was soon installed at his new post. His wages were such as to enable him to employ a boy to still carry vegetables to market every day and to leave a few shillings above expenses monthly. Jim's employers were not disappointed in him, for he was both intelligent and industrious, and he quickly rose from one position to another until he became one of the most trusted employes of the large establishment. Prosperity again smiled upon the Goodman family, though it was not unmingled with sorrow, as the father still continued bedridden.

One day there stopped at the door of the Goodman cottage a pleasant-looking though apparently weary gentleman, and asked for a drink of water. This was handed him in such a cheerful way that he felt encouraged to tell the lady of his being from America, and that he would be pleased to tell her something of his country if she would kindly permit him to rest a short time in her house. Instantly the hospitable door was thrown open and a comfortable chair provided, and the visitor commenced his recital. He spoke of the country, the customs of the people and many other things, and finally drifted into religion. He spoke of a gospel similar to that taught by Jesus, and carefully explained its divine principles; also told how its believers were persecuted even as those of old were. His words sounded like familiar music in the ears of the honest couple and they insisted upon the gentleman remaining with them that day and night, so as to have an opportunity of talking to their boy.

At night Jim came home and was soon engaged in conversation with the stranger. He was pleased with the message that came from America, but feared some imposture, and therefore urged every possible objection to the, to him, new doctrines. These were promptly met and carefully answered, and almost against his inclination Jim was convinced of the

truth of the new-found friend's message. Wavering between belief and prejudice it only required the promise that whosoever should do the will of the Father should know of the doctrine whether it was of God or man, to fix the determination of this God-fearing family to yield obedience to the gospel ordinances.

Without any delay the preparations were made for baptism, and though mid Winter and the father so enfeebled in health, he would not consent to delay, but felt he must take the lead of his family in the new-found religion. He was carried to the water's edge and after prayer entered the stream with the servant of God. No sooner was the elder's hand raised towards heaven and the words fell from his lips than a feeling almost like an electric shock overspread the whole being of the penitent man and after emerging from the liquid grave, he felt renewed bodily as well as spiritually. A great miracle the Lord had wrought, for the invalid of years was instantly healed. The joy of this humble family at the goodness of God was beyond description, for not only were their spirits calmed, but an unexpected temporal blessing had been conferred.

Joyfully did all now labor to get the means necessary to gather with the Saints. Happily was the tithing of their means paid which only brought further blessings of God upon the faithful little flock. But a few months passed before the necessary means were saved and the happy family made preparations to leave the place of their nativity. Reluctantly did Jim's employer part with him, and though he thought him misguided he had no word of reproach to offer, but promised him means for his return to England when he had become convinced of his delusion.

Jim and his parents now live in Utah. They do not yet feel that they have been misguided, or been betrayed by shrewd men. God has sustained and prospered them and though Jim's industry is fast gaining for him popularity and wealth, he does not forget his love for God or his duty to his parents. Equally as diligent, too, does he labor in the various positions in the Priesthood to which he has been called, as he ever did when receiving money for his hire, so that, besides gaining worldly riches, he is laying up wealth in heaven which he will hereafter enjoy.

STORY OF A PICTURE.

A PAINTER once drew the likeness of a child at prayer. The suppliant was kneeling beside his mother; the palms of his uplifted hands were reverently pressed together; his rosy cheek spoke of health, and his mild blue eye was upturned with the expression of devotion and peace. The portrait of young Rupert was called "Innocence."

Years passed away and the artist became an old man. Still the picture was kept. He had often thought of making a counterpart—the picture of "Guilt"—but had not found the opportunity. At last he effected his purpose by paying a visit to a neighboring goal. On the damp floor of his cell lay a wretched culprit named Randall, heavily ironed. Wasted was his body and hollow his eye; vice was visible in his face. The painter succeeded admirably, and the portrait of young Rupert and Randall were hung side by side for "Innocence" and "Guilt." But who was young Rupert and who was Randall? Alas! the two were one. Old Randall was young Rupert led astray by bad companions, and ending his life in the damp and shameful dungeon.

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY ELDER B. B.

(Concluded from page 254.)

WE reached the city of Chihuahua January 20th, 1881, and stopped at the Meson, Gaudalupe. Here we hired a room furnished with a small table, and a sort of raised platform, floored with cut stones, and used for a bed. These accommodations with one candle daily cost us 25 cents per diem. The rate was low but the price of other articles was more serious. Coffee was 62½ cents per lb; sugar 25 cents; wood 12½ cents for a small armful cut into ordinary stove-wood size and length, and many other articles rated proportionately high. We were promised work in some mines not far from the city at the rate of fifty cents per day, should our necessities require us to labor for our sustenance. The wages offered were considered high, but the mine superintendent favored us because we were Americans.

We embraced an early opportunity to call upon the governor of the state to whom we related the purposes of our visit to the country, and requested his official sanction to hold public meetings in the city. He received us very courteously, but said he would be obliged to get the consent of the general government before he could comply with our request. He promised to telegraph immediately for instructions, and said he would communicate the reply to us within a day or two. Two days thereafter we called upon him again and were informed that the central government had made no response. During this visit he begged us not to inconvenience ourselves about calling for his answer, as he would send a messenger to us when it was ready. We had no expectation of receiving any notification from him, and matters fell out according to our faith. His conduct may savor of gubernatorial gentility, but we would have appreciated with far better grace a downright denial of our request.

Being denied the privilege of holding public meetings, we went about privately among the people, and distributed a large number of tracts and succeeded in engaging a few of the people in conversation on the principles of the gospel. But of all our undertakings the tract distribution flourished best, and we congratulated ourselves that our lot was cast among a community whose educational interests had been fostered. When we discovered, however, that we were supplying the people with cigarette paper gratis, a "change came o'er the spirit of our dreams."

March 3rd we received a letter from Apostle Moses Thatcher, who wrote from the city of Mexico requesting Brother W—— to proceed thither provided there were no good prospects for proselyting in the vicinity of Chihuahua. Brother W—— accepted the call with a willing heart, and labored faithfully until he was honorably released from his mission. After consulting together respecting my future labors it was decided that I should return to the valley of the Rio Grande and then be guided by circumstances.

On the 9th, after taking an affecting leave of my companion, I set out for my proposed field of operations. By a circuitous route I avoided one of the places of greatest danger of attack from the Indians, and on the 16th arrived at San Jose, where I remained for nearly a week awaiting the arrival of other travelers in whose company I purposed to pass over another portion of the road beset with danger. I found one Mexican in San Jose who was very anxious to reach El Paso,

and as he, like myself was making the journey on foot, we finally resolved not to delay longer, but to keep each other company, and attempt to pass the mountains by night. We arranged our departure from San Jose so that we might enter the region of greatest danger when sheltered by the darkness.

Our road lay between the mountains of Candalana and Rancheria, in one or both of which the hostile Apaches were supposed to be lurking, and when directly between them, my "burro" which was doing duty as a pack animal laid down and insisted on dying. It soon made a complete success of the undertaking and I was left in a hostile country with about 125 pounds of baggage on my hands, and having no means for its transportation. Selecting what I needed for immediate use the rest was concealed in the brush near by and we pushed on. By nine o'clock the next morning we arrived at a deserted ranch where my Mexican companion left me. I being physically unable to continue the journey any further, I remained there until the following day when fortunately I discovered a man who was out looking for stock and from him learned that some families lived about five miles distant, I made my way to them and was very kindly received.

When I had regained my strength sufficient to permit me to travel I hired three horses and two Mexican attendants and set out to recover my baggage. Many times its pecuniary value could not have induced me to undertake this dangerous task, but when I thought of attempting to prosecute my missionary labors without the aid of my Spanish Bible, Book of Mormon and a supply of tracts, all of which I had been obliged to abandon, I could not hesitate a moment respecting the course I should pursue. Our journey was undertaken by night, and after we had fairly entered the more mountainous district I had great difficulty in getting my companions to proceed any further. They finally stopped altogether and for a while refused to advance another foot. Entreaty was of no avail, but by agreeing to ride a couple of hundred yards in front of them in order to give them a chance for escape should we be ambushed, we thus went on again and found my books, etc., just as I had left them. On the return trip my companions needed no urging to induce them to keep up with me.

When I reached El Paso Del Norte I was without means and had no pack animal. But worst of all my health was poor. I soon became acquainted with a gentlemanly American who took charge of my baggage, whereupon I crossed the river to El Paso in Texas, and obtained employment in one of the railroad camps of the S. P. R. R., which was then building. Here I labored under an unfeeling "boss" for about a month, and in company with a diseased lot of the lowest and vilest wretches on earth. The conversation to which I was obliged to listen was disgusting, and personal cleanliness was well nigh impossible, for body vermin were swarming in all the tents. To add to my discomfort and misery I was seized with frequent attacks of cramp, which deprived me of needed rest by night, and made the labors of the day very painful. As soon as I had earned sufficient money to buy another "burro" and a small stock of provisions, I again set out for my prospective field of labor. In order to arrive there the Rio Grande River had to be forded; and while crossing it my donkey took so much water that a few hours afterwards he died from its effects. It would not have been surprising had I then thought that the desert of Sahara is the only safe place for the long-eared animal that "knows his master's crib." A knowledge that may be good in its place, but entirely to limited for a world like this. I was nearly three miles from the nearest railroad town, but after a great deal of exertion, which

I felt very much on account of my enfeebled condition, I succeeded in bringing my baggage in, and shipped it to the nearest point where I could get friendly and necessary aid. I followed on foot as I had no means to pay my fare on the cars. When I arrived among my friends many kindnesses were shown to me, and I gradually recovered from the effects of the illness which I had contracted while traveling. Since that time I have performed some further missionary labors, and on many occasions have witnessed the marvelous power of God in healing the sick; and also in my personal preservation from the powers of evil; for which I feel to thank our heavenly Father, and trust that I may be able to endure unto the end.

PREJUDICE A WRONG-DOER.

THE inhabitants of large cities do not know their neighbors. Blocks of dwelling houses stretch their length along either side of the way, but the occupants thereof many times are not even familiar with the name of the family living next door, separated from them only by a brick wall. There are no neighborly "drop in" calls, to chat upon topics of mutual interest, as is the custom in rural districts. Each family has a circle of acquaintances with whom they mingle; while the residents next door are no more to them than the people of Kamschatka or the South Sea Islands.

City people meet many strangers with whose character and antecedents they have no ready means of becoming familiar. There are changes constantly taking place: old residents move away, no one knows where; new parties arrive, from whence is not known. No one desires to form undesirable or unpleasant relations, so this habit of reticence has, we suppose, been gradually formed for these and perhaps other reasons. Oftentimes when acquaintance between families is desired, the custom is so fixed, and this reserve being known to commonly exist, each party waits for the other to make the first advance. Both fearing to intrude, the step is sometimes never taken.

"They are just as nice as they can be!" This remark from a lady living in our city, reached me a few days since, and she added: "I had daily met those people for years, being, as they are, near neighbors. We had never exchanged one word or look of recognition, until recently circumstances threw us into each other's presence. Instead of being cold, reserved and unsocial, as I had supposed, I found them exceedingly pleasant and agreeable. Instead of not desiring my acquaintance, as I had long been prejudiced to believe, they seemed anxious to be friendly. Our lines having been cast in such close proximity, it is at least gratifying to know that kindly feelings are mutual."

Many others are, no doubt laboring under similar misapprehension. Imagination often leads astray, therefore it is not to be trusted. Let reason be our guide, and in a measure judge others by ourselves. We all desire social intercourse; we value the good opinion of friends. Few desire to live alone like Robinson Crusoe on his desert isle. One, however, desiring to live the life of a recluse, can be equally isolated in a city surrounded by thousands—in fact, there is no desert to equal it. He has but to avoid his fellows, receive coldly all advances of a social nature, wrap himself up in himself to live in a world of his own unshared by kin or friend. But mankind generally crave companionship. Kindly feelings usually exist toward those coming into our sphere, unless some reason or misunderstanding arises to prejudice good will.

We all pursue the same highway from infancy to the end of life, share tastes, feelings and faults in common. Each encounters the storms of the journey; meets with joy and sorrow by the way. Why should not an effort be made to cheer a toiling fellow-traveler by kindly recognition and friendly aid.

Every individual lives an internal life which no friend, however dear, can share; there are lofty aspirations, spiritual longings, affections, generous impulses mingled with heart-aches, heart-burnings, discontent, selfishness, envy and many other sensations that battle or wage war, more or less in every human breast. Few are satisfied with themselves because of these internal struggles—for the same reason are the beautiful flowers of happiness and content so rarely found in this growing world.

There is, however, an external life which can be mingled with those of our friends. Through this intercourse, becoming interested in the thoughts and feelings of others, we in a measure forget our own imperfect selves, and mind and body are thereby benefited. Eye speaks to eye, mind answers to mind, and the voice conveys vocally our thoughts.

This social communion is one of the most pleasurable and instructive diversions enjoyed by the human family. In no case is a man so miserable as when he shuns society to dwell upon his own desires, imperfections and disappointments.

Why need there then be so much formality—so indifferent an air maintained—that is to say, at least, among parties who are familiar with each other's daily walk and general character? A friendly glance can be exchanged which will soon grow into a nod—perhaps sometimes to cheer the lonely heart of one carrying a grievous burden unseen to the world.

Who does not experience a sensation of pleasure at a smiling recognition from a friend or acquaintance? How many friendships have been severed because of imagined slight in this respect. What is easier than to pass another unintentionally because of absorbing thought, diverted attention or defective eyesight?

We heard a good man sadly say one day, that he often "undesignedly gave offense because of short-sightedness;" "but," said he, "I cannot distinguish one person from another unless I am quite near or have opportunity to look closely at features. It is really a misfortune to one of my profession. Even those who know my infirmity doubtless feel chilled at being passed unnoticed."

Another gentleman had not defective vision, but lacked memory for faces. When walking in his company several years since, I observed that he greeted nearly every one we met with a smiling face and a slight bend of the body. I remarked: "Mr. F., you seem well acquainted with the residents of your city." "Well," said he in reply, "to tell the truth, I meet many people whose faces do not readily fix themselves in my memory. Years ago complaints of my unsociability frequently reached my ears. I often passed members of the church and other friends unnoticed, and several found fault with me because of my so-called 'haughty coolness.' It was a source of grief to me, and finally concluding that my only course was to be general in my salutations, I bow to all. It is astonishing how fond people are of these little attentions." No man in the city bore a finer reputation for congeniality and sincere desire for the welfare of the community than did this kind, genial man. He was everywhere greeted in the friendliest way, for none feared their approach would be considered an intrusion.

Mr. F. further said that at first it required quite an effort on his part to do this—but, soon it became a pleasurable habit,

because of the many friends made thereby and the cheer he was frequently conscious of imparting to others.

The world wags on—day after day drops out of our lives. We see the years roll on—feel that life is short. Let us try to do what we can to lighten its burdens.

The desire to do good is, we think, general. Perhaps in no way can the greatest number be so easily reached, as by taking care that no one feels that we slight or feel indifferent toward them.

Prejudice is a very cruel wrong-doer. It does injustice continually—places sweet charity under a cloud and buries all the kindlier impulses of our nature.

Be not hasty in condemning that injustice may not be done.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE death of the Hon. Aaron A. Sargent, ex-U. S. Senator from California, which the telegraph announces, brings to my mind many excellent traits of character which he exhibited in connection with our affairs. I shall ever esteem the memory of Mr. Sargent for the true friendship and courage which he displayed towards the people of Utah. We could confer no political advantages or benefits upon him, but he never was appealed to in vain for help to secure us fair treatment. His sense of justice and fair play was so strong that he seemed to instinctively take the side of the weak when he thought they were oppressed. There was a remarkable illustration of this which occurred on the 4th of March, 1873, which is not generally known to our people, and which, I think, now that he has taken his departure from earthly scenes, should be mentioned and preserved in his honor.

It will be remembered by some of the older readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR that during the Winter of 1872 and 1873 considerable activity was displayed by our enemies in their efforts to secure adverse legislation for Utah.

Under the influences, I believe, of Dr. John P. Newman, who had always felt angered against our people, because of his failure to gain glory from the discussion which he had with Elder Orson Pratt, General Grant felt considerably stirred up about affairs in Utah. Other enemies of ours, taking advantage of his ignorance and prejudice upon this question, urged him to take some action. It was reported at the time that he said, "The final issue with Utah cannot be avoided." On the 4th of February, 1875, he was present at the Capitol. This was so unusual for a President of the United States that it excited surprise and comment. It soon transpired that Utah affairs had called him there. He held interviews with the Judiciary committees of the Senate and the House and told them that there must be some legislative action to meet the condition of affairs in Utah. It was currently reported that he stated that if the 4th of March came without legislation, he would put his troops into Utah and deal with the question by means of the military.

On the 14th of February President Grant sent a message concerning Utah to Congress, and, as a consequence, the Judiciary committee of the House of Representatives had the privilege granted it of calling up or reporting upon the Utah question at any time.

A bill had been introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Samuel Merritt, then the Delegate from Idaho, but now

a practicing attorney in this city. A similar bill was introduced into the Senate by Senator Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey. Frelinghuysen's bill passed a little after midnight on the night of the 25th of February, and, of course, after its passage, came over to the House and was placed on the calendar.

On Saturday, March 1st, our enemies were exceedingly eager to have the Frelinghuysen bill brought up. Congress was drawing near its close; it would die by limitation of law at twelve o'clock on March 4th. On the Saturday named a man by the name of Claggett, who was then Delegate from Montana, was exceedingly desirous to get a chance to make a speech upon Utah affairs. He had been successful on a previous occasion in gaining the ear of the House on this topic, and it was thought that if he could get the floor to speak on some claim, he could then branch off on to the Utah question. But he was unsuccessful.

Failing in this, Claggett and Merritt, and Gen. Maxwell, who was there as busy as he could be, arranged with Judge Bingham, of Ohio, the Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, for him (Bingham) to bring the Frelinghuysen bill up under the privilege granted to the committee concerning Utah matters.

I well remember how elated these conspirators against our liberties were on that occasion. Claggett swore that the bill had to pass; they were determined to force it through. Merritt told me that they "had got us now," and he swore by his Maker that they were going in for results, and not for talk.

As Congress was drawing near its close, the restaurant keeper, Mr. Downing, thought he would prepare a collation that evening for the members, and among other articles which he had provided, there was some excellent punch. Judge Bingham, it seems, had partaken freely of this punch, and whether on that account or some other, he failed to call up the Frelinghuysen bill. The conspirators afterwards said that we owed our escape to that punch; that Bingham had "got tight" and they could not trust him to present the matter.

The punch had its effect upon more than Bingham. The House was in great confusion. Some time after midnight Gen. Garfield made a motion for a recess until 9 o'clock on Monday morning. This was carried.

What a blessed relief it was to have one more day's grace granted us!

The House met on Monday, at 9 o'clock. The great majority of the members were eager to catch the speaker's eye, and were in the area in front of the speaker's desk, clamoring for recognition, each man having some bill in his hand which he wished to have passed. Finally Mr. Blaine, who was the speaker, called the House to order, requested the members to take their seats, and said he had a proposition to make to the House that he thought, if accepted, would result in the completion of a good deal of business and would be more satisfactory, than any other method. He proposed that they go to the calendar and take up the bills and pass, without discussion, those to which the majority did not object. In this way, he thought, all the bills on the calendar might be reached and either passed or rejected. The House adopted the proposition. And then commenced a scene which I have rarely seen paralleled. It seemed like pouring grain into a hopper in a mill, the rapidity with which the bills were taken up and voted upon.

At 5 o'clock the House took a recess for dinner, and met again at half-past seven.

The situation was indeed critical. It seemed to me that I never had my faith so tested before in my life as it was on that

eventful day and evening. The exultation of our enemies was very great. They made no concealment of the triumph which they expected to gain over us.

Two o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, March 4th, came, and still the House was passing bills. Only two bills remained to be acted upon before the Frelinghuysen bill would be reached. Confusion and excitement prevailed. To have attempted to reason with the House would have been utterly useless. As far as we were concerned, our power was exhausted. There was only the power of God to prevent the passage of the bill.

At this point, the Judiciary Committee, through one of its members, Gen. B. F. Butler, presented the impeachment cases of Judge Delahay, of Kansas, and Judge Sherman, of Ohio. These cases consumed about one hour. Then members began to present resolutions, etc., on which they wanted action. Speaker Blaine recognized them, and half an hour was thus consumed. Our enemies were full of activity and exceedingly anxious to bring the Frelinghuysen bill before the House. But they did not succeed. At half-past three the House took a recess of six hours—that is, till 9:30 in the morning.

This action enraged the conspirators. They swore we had bribed the speaker, and they used the most uncomplimentary epithets in speaking of Judge Bingham, whom, they said, we had also bribed.

Captain Hooper and myself were living at a hotel some distance from the Capitol, and though we arose early that morning, with the intention of being at the House by the time it opened its proceedings, we were disappointed. It was inauguration day. General Grant was to be inaugurated as President for his second term. The day was exceedingly cold and unpleasant, the thermometer being at zero. We expected to get a vehicle, but everything of the kind was secured. The street cars were full, and we had to walk as fast as we could to the House. But it being a recess, no minutes were read, the chaplain did not offer prayer, and when half past nine arrived, the speaker called the House to order and proceeded immediately to the transaction of business.

The two bills on the calendar which preceded the Frelinghuysen bill were passed in a few minutes. The Frelinghuysen bill came up, we were not there to do anything about it. But Mr. Sargent of California, who was then a member of the House, arose to his feet and protested against the passage of so important a bill in so thin a House. If it were determined to urge this bill and to put it on its passage, he should be compelled, he said, to ask for a call of the House. The object in asking for a call of the House is to decide whether there is a majority of the members present. If not, there is no quorum and business cannot legally be transacted. Those who were present on that morning were anxious to get through with the business. They knew that if Mr. Sargent's expressed determination were carried out, there would be great delay. They, therefore, instead of presenting the Frelinghuysen bill, consented for it to be laid aside informally, and from that time until 11:30 when, it was decided to transact no more legislation, it could not be reached.

A more disgusted and angry crowd could scarcely be found than these conspirators against the liberties of Utah were on that occasion. Maxwell said he would take out British papers; he wanted to be an American citizen no longer. Claggett asserted that we had spent two hundred thousand dollars on the Judiciary Committee. Merritt swore that there had been treachery and that we had bribed Congress. But I felt that

God had heard our prayers, and had, by His wonderful providence, wrought out our deliverance.

My readers can imagine the feelings which I had for Mr. Sargent on that occasion. He had done a brave and noble deed, and had done it from a pure sense of duty. Notwithstanding all the talk there had been about our spending money, there had been none spent in any direction to secure this result. The Lord alone had been appealed to. Mr. Sargent felt that this was a bill of such a far-reaching and revolutionary nature that it was highly improper to attempt to pass it without discussion and have it become law in such a manner. He was not in favor of polygamy or plural marriage. I have had frequent conversations with him upon this question. He had no sympathy with many of our peculiarities. But he believed us to be an honest people, and that we, with all our faults, were a people entitled to the rights of American citizens. I never saw any disposition in him, during my acquaintance with him, to lead me to the conclusion that he would do anything to injure us, no more than he would any other community in the United States. He seemed to be above the common prejudice that prevailed.

I might relate many instances where he exhibited great moral courage in dealing with our question and in doing us kindness that he might have declined doing as easily as others did. Such a man's memory should be treasured up by us, for such men are very rare.

I have understood that he felt badly because of the attacks which had been made upon him by some of our papers. I always regretted that anything unpleasant should have been said, because I knew that anyone who would write about him in an unfavorable manner could not have known the man nor the motives which prompted him to action. He was a just, a fearless and an honest man; and this is the light in which he should be viewed by the Latter-day Saints.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

I AM fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of the hearths and homes; little conjurors, with their "natural magic," invoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think if there was never anything to be seen but grown men and women. How we should long for the sight of a little child. Every infant comes into the world like a delighted prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is to "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and to draw the disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the homes, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life. It would be a terrible world, I do think, if it were not embellished by little children.

HAPPINESS is no other than soundness and perfection of mind.

O OUR FATHER WE INVOKE THEE.

WORDS BY L. G. RICHARDS.

MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

1. O our Fa - ther we in - voke thee While we ling - er here to - day, Let thy spir - it Lord di -

rect us, Teach us how to sing and pray. Let thy spir - it, Let thy spir - it Guide us

thro' life's de - vious way. Let thy spir - it, Let thy spir - it Guide us thro' life's de - vious way.

We would seek thy sacred presence,
Through thy Son's redeeming grace.
And amid the hosts celestial,
We would find a resting place,
Where the righteous, where the righteous,
Will behold thy glorious face.

Our Father, let thy spirit
Dwell in every kindred soul,
All directing, all pervading,

Bearing most supreme control.
When thy gospel, when thy gospel.
Shall be preached from pole to pole.

Grant us, Lord, Thy smiles celestial,
May the bond of union be
Strengthened by association,
'Till we are one in Thee,
Then in Zion, then in Zion
With thy Saints we shall be free.

POWER OF MUSIC.

THERE was a "block" among the teams in a prominent business street. A herdie had been overturned, and several coal carts were stopped by a load of lumber, which, having succeeded in stationing itself across the thoroughfare, was unable to move further.

Moreover, every man among those barricaded had lost his temper, and swearing was the order of the hour.

Suddenly, oh, cheerful sound! a lively street band began to play, and the temper of the crowd changed as if by magic. The horses stood no longer in peril of dislocated necks, through the jerking and pulling of their irate drivers; the execrations ceased. Each man settled back in his cart to listen. After a Strauss waltz and a spirited march, the band moved on, and then it became apparent that the audience had experienced a marvelous change.

"Will I give ye a lift, Mick?" called one, to the driver of the lumber cart, jumping down to put his shoulder to the wheel. "It's a big load ye've got."

"Throo for yez!" cried another, also lending a hand. "Pat, lave that baste of yours, and show what ye're good for!"

They pushed with a will, and the horses—who shall say that

they also did not work with redoubled vigor?—pulled with a will. The teams were started, and, as the old sing-song has it, "the rat began to gnaw the rope" and everything went on as if nothing had happened.

"It's a foin band that," said one man, as they drove on.

"Dade, an' it is!" cried another; and hardly a man among them but whistled, or tried to whistle, his own version of the tune he had liked best.

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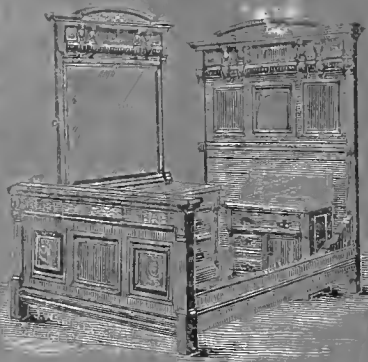
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